

ROBERT A. PINKERTON DEAD

STRICKEN ABOARD THE BREMEN ON WAY TO GERMANY.

Served in the Secret Service in the Civil War Under His Father—A Great Criminal Teacher and Strike Breaker—How the Famous Detective Agency Was Built Up

Robert A. Pinkerton, who directed the business of the Pinkerton Detective Agency with his brother, William A., died suddenly aboard the North German Lloyd steamer Bremen last Monday. He was walking on deck when he dropped dead. With Big Florrie Sullivan and several other friends he sailed on August 5, hoping that the waters of Nantux would restore his health.

Mr. Pinkerton had been suffering from heart trouble for months, but none of his friends thought his condition was alarming. The day after he sailed William Allan Pinkerton, who was attending the race meeting at Saratoga, told the reporters that Bob had gone to Europe to look after Florrie Sullivan.

"You know boys," said Bill Pinkerton, "that Florrie Sullivan is the sweetest to dance of the East Side and is entered for the international toe dancers' cup contest in Paris. We got a commission to see that Florrie kept in training, and since it was one of the biggest jobs we had undertaken in many years Bob went along to look after Florrie personally. Bob's health is a new first rate, but he needs a rest and a change of scene."

The news of Bob Pinkerton's death came to the Pinkerton office at 57 Broadway yesterday morning in a curious way. A cablegram came from Inspector Troost of Scotland Yard, an old time friend and associate of the Pinkerton brothers in many a thief catching case, conveying the condolences of the Scotland Yard chief. That was the first intimation they had that Bob Pinkerton was dead and it stopped all business with a jerk.

The first of the Pinkertons was banging away at barrels in a cooper shop in Elgin, Ill., when the Sheriff of the county asked him to help catch a counterfeiter. They got the counterfeiter, and that started Allan Pinkerton in the business of corralling crooks. He went to work as a regular detective on the Chicago police force, made good and withdrew to start an agency of his own.

After the war the Pinkerton Detective Watch became famous. Pinkerton detectives were everywhere, hunting for murderers, embezzlers and forgers. Bob and Allan Pinkerton and his two sons soon found that there were more profitable means of employing the men than as mere detectives.

Old Allan Pinkerton laid down three fundamental rules for the management of the business, first, that no money be accepted on the basis of payment in the case of success, but that in all cases the charge should be at a per diem rate set and agreed upon; second, that no divorce cases or cases involving any way to divide marital relations should be accepted by the agency; and, third, that every man employed by the agency should have a fixed salary and in no event should accept any reward or gratuity.

Since the old man retired in 1884, the two sons have lived up to the rules and made the service an organization of greater scope than Allan Pinkerton had ever dreamed of.

Robert A. Pinkerton took charge of the New York office and William A. Pinkerton managed the Chicago headquarters. He understood human nature, the kind that is represented by the unorganized mob and senseless rabble. Legislation never frightened them, because they were not politicians, but men who depended on their services who would fight their battles for them. One of the first principles of their business was absolute secrecy. They were not Pinkerton detectives, but seldom from the Pinkerton offices. Their army of men scattered all over the country was under military discipline and obedient to their officers.

One of the biggest jobs that Bob Pinkerton ever handled was during the Homestead strike in 1892. The Pinkertons, armed with Winchester, fought battles with the strikers and men were killed on both sides. The part played by the Pinkertons was made the subject of inquiry by a committee of the United States Senate in 1892, and Robert A. Pinkerton defended his men, asserting that up to that time there had been no opposition to the Pinkertons. All parts of the country in seventy strikes, had been assaulted, abused and shot at, and yet had killed only two persons in the whole country.

to recover stolen money or securities. It is said that Robert Pinkerton nailed many a thief in Wall Street without the story of the exploit ever leaking out of his office. He was between 50 and 60 years old, a big, robust, heavy shouldered man with a pleasant face and a very firm jaw. In his office he was as hard to approach as any bank president, but at the track with his friends Bob Pinkerton was known as a good fellow. They tell stories of him which describe his kindness of heart and openhanded generosity. The wife of many a crook whom Bob Pinkerton sent to prison was helped out with cash and advice when she and her children had nowhere to turn.

He was married in 1875 to Miss Anna E. Hughes in Austin, Ill., and is survived by her and three children, a son, Allan, and two daughters, Miss Mary Pinkerton and Mrs. Lewis Mills Gibbs. His home was at 71 Eighth avenue, Brooklyn, but the family are spending the summer at their country place at Bay Shore, L. I. Robert A. Pinkerton was said to be a very wealthy man, several times a millionaire.

His body will be brought back to this country. William A. Pinkerton will come here to-day from Saratoga. The stewards of the Jockey Club and officials of the Saratoga Association met here to-night and each body passed resolutions regretting the death of Robert A. Pinkerton. The news of his death came as a shock to racing officials and racegoers here. That he had a premonition of his end is shown by the fact that he gave his watch to Seymour Beutler, his chief aide at the track, before he started on his last journey.

Many rumors were afloat as to who would succeed Mr. Pinkerton as head of the Eastern branch of the agency. Many believe that his son, Allan Pinkerton, now assistant to General Manager Bangs, will get the place. There is little doubt that the race-track police will continue in the same hands. Allan Pinkerton is about 30 years old.

KILPENBURG PHOTOGRAPHS.

Also Immured on Ellis Island. Where the Newspapers Can't Get 'Em.

Miss Paula Kilpenburg succeeded yesterday in seeing her new lawyer, Edwin L. Merrill, who is associated with William Solomon, her original counsel, in the effort to get her off Ellis Island and begin a breach of promise suit against Horace E. Miller, with whom she lived in Paris and who induced the immigration authorities to arrest her as an "undesirable alien."

Mr. Solomon himself, who had been debarred from the island, was permitted to accompany Mr. Merrill there and to introduce Mr. Merrill to Miss Kilpenburg. Commissioner Watson refused to let Mr. Merrill talk with his client except in the hearing of an immigration inspector who is also an interpreter of German and French. When the young woman held out to Mr. Merrill a bunch of letters that she says Mr. Miller wrote to her and a number of photographs which she said were introduced against her, she was allowed to see them and to return them to the bag from which she had taken it. The lawyer told that he could not have the photographs or letters. The reason for the refusal of the newspapers might publish some of them.

Mr. Merrill said that he did not see by what legal right he was restrained from talking with his client except in the presence of persons who were apparently hostile to her interests. He added:

"We will obtain a writ of habeas corpus, the petition for which is ready drawn and will have our client to ourselves for a short time at least. She will be enabled to state her case publicly. She has seventy-five letters which will prove that she is not the sort of woman that Mr. Miller wishes to make the immigration authorities believe she is. When we secure the release of Miss Kilpenburg, we will bring a suit for breach of promise for \$25,000 damages. Besides a large number of letters showing that Mr. Miller made ardent love to her she has many photographs, one of which shows Mr. Miller and Miss Kilpenburg posed in Turkish costumes. Of course, he does not want those pictures published. Commissioner Watson said that the order for Miss Kilpenburg's deportation had not been received yesterday, and he expressed surprise at the fact."

Miss Kilpenburg's trunks are at the Austrian Consulate and she is not to be treated in the detention pen at Ellis Island. She cried yesterday when she was told that she could not talk to Mr. Merrill in any way to divide marital relations should be accepted by the agency. Since the old man retired in 1884, the two sons have lived up to the rules and made the service an organization of greater scope than Allan Pinkerton had ever dreamed of.

SHIPOLOADS OF HOMECOMERS.

Four Liners in With Full Cabins—Story of a \$5,000,000 Lawton Check.

Four big liners, the America, Celtic, Lucania and Philadelphia, arrived yesterday after swift and placid trips from coast to coast, with 2,300 first and second cabin passengers, mostly returning Americans. In the third cabin and steerage of the America were 1,387 souls, chiefly immigrants, an unusual number for this season.

Aboard the Philadelphia was Capt. S. Bartley Pearce of the motor boat Dixie, who brought the cup won by her in the race at Annapolis on August 2. Capt. Pearce, John E. Calder of Brooklyn and Mrs. Calder, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. S. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine, Edna Wallace Hopper, Robert Vernon Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Herman Ehlers, Mrs. E. C. Carow Gibson, the Hon. and Mrs. Morgan J. O'Brien, Bishop Neely and Mrs. Helen Ten Broeck. Judge O'Brien presided at the ship's concert, the feature of which was the performance of twenty Spanish dancing girls who will make their first appearance here at the New York Theatre on Saturday. Later Mr. Norman Hargood, who was a passenger by the Celtic, said he had written an ironical article in response to Thomas F. Lawson's reward of \$5,000 for the best review of his literary production. Lawson submitted it to Mr. Lawson, whom he met abroad. He was surprised recently to receive a check for \$5,000 with the name of Mr. Lawson at the bottom. Later Mr. Lawson found that the check was "phony," and probably a Lawson jest. Other passengers by the Celtic were Mr. and Mrs. William E. Burr, Mr. and Mrs. E. Corey, Mr. and Mrs. E. Scott Gorrieh, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Hoyle, John G. Jackson, American Minister to Athens, Thos. J. McCarry, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. McCurdy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. McEwen, Leslie T. McCleary, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Olyphant, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pentecost, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. C. Livingston Waterbury and Mr. and Mrs. Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr.

Passengers by the America: George F. Burdett, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sutro, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Wilson G. H. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McClure, Prof. Sashford Fox, E. Francis Hyde, Ralph Haeckel, W. J. Reinke, German Consul at Boston; Judge A. C. Thomas, W. M. Day and Stanley M. Bourgeois. Aboard the Celtic were Capt. Henry Albert James, S. Coleman, Judge J. Brannan, Admiral Sir Albert E. Markham and Lady Markham, Thomas P. McCutcheon, J. H. Harper, Theodor and Edith, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hyde, Ralph Modjeski, Frederick Whitaker, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Webb and Capt. T. F. Watson.

INDIANS TO PLAY 'HIAWATHA.'

Oncidas Are Planning an Open Air Production on the Reservation. Urtca, Aug. 17.—Oncidas Indians living here are preparing an out of door rendition of the legend of Hiawatha. The parts will be taken by the best of the reservation. Hiawatha's prowess as a hunter, his long journey to the land of the Dakotas and the winning of Minnehaha will all be reproduced. The play will be given on the wooded hills of the reservation.

TEXAS GIRLS AND THE LAMBS

THEY'VE SEEN 'EM WHITE, BUT NOT THE 4TH STREET KIND.

Oh, Lucky Man Who Has His Neck Roped Just to See What It's Like and Doesn't Tell—Beauty Advertising—Texas Without Carrying Signs—But It Isn't Necessary.

You mustn't refer to 'em as the Texas bunch, at least not while they are around, or you'll get yourself disliked. No one would care to be disliked by those fifty girls that blew in here on Friday, captured the Hotel Grand and just owned all of upper Manhattan yesterday. And they'll own Coney Island to-morrow night, but the press agents will have to be careful not to dope 'em wrong and get in references to "short horns" and "cowgirls" and the like.

No, sir, they are from the cities, good cities, too, old San Antonio, Houston—pronounce it Houston, please—Corpus, Beaumont, San Marcos, Galveston, where they have trolley cars, electric lights, fine shops, plenty of churches and schools and where you can't find a man wearing a gun on the outside except in the red literature that is supposed to portray life in the Lone Star State, but doesn't. Every delegation of girls that comes here from another State are just the prettiest, sweetest, rosiest, happiest and all the other sets that can be found in the entire State. The Texas girls are just like the rest, only being the latest, they are the best of all.

These girls don't come here to advertise Texas. They don't wear big button badges saying: "I'm from Texas; talk to me."

Dr. J. E. Harrison, president of the San Antonio Female College, who is the lone man of the party, got them together to take a trip to Jamestown, Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago and Cincinnati. Some of them are his present and former pupils, and there was no vote taking by newspapers to send the most popular girl each county to the fair. They just came because Dr. Harrison was getting up the party and they were having the time of their lives.

So the girls, who were on—piled on two of the biggest rubbernecks in town yesterday and went for the usual trip. "My, but my neck is sore with the turning and twisting I got in the car," said the prettiest as she alighted from the trip. "This is a big place. We're delighted. How I wish you could see Mister Roosevelt. Don't you just get up and let us go out to Oyster Bay to see him?"

"You bet he would, if he only knew," said a member of the Lambs Club, who strolled over from the car. "I asked the girl blankly. 'Down our way we know a good deal about sheep. They say that some of them are not always white, but we've seen any number of Texas girls in white. Nothing but innocent young men live over there,' was the response. 'What do they do?' 'I don't know, but they're in Wall Street getting rid of money. That's why they are called lambs.'

"I reckon you needn't show me," the girl replied, and her face lit up as she whisked away, while another girl said:

"Edith, how could you? If you print the name please send it Ed-y-th."

"We expected to see exactly what we heard," said the girl who had introduced another of the girls under the exaction that no names must be used. "We heard all about Grant's Tomb. We have seen warships down our way. We'd like to go over there, but the battleships are in Europe, but we can't. No, we don't care for the guns. They tell us that the decks are lovely places on which to dance. And they do say that young fellows in Texas are not know things in Texas. We don't have to go hunting for them. Our mail, outgoing, is pretty heavy. 'Don't you get up and let us come from Texas we don't know things. We've seen Sarah Bernhardt play in a tent. We don't rope steers and we don't shoot at targets any more than we do in Europe. I know how to dance a German, and we have just as nice homes and just as intelligent society as you people have up here. So don't put us down as being stupid or as candidates for the awkward squad.'

"We are just a lot of wholesome American girls who love dress and society and a good time and just want to see the world and we have been having that good time ever since we left home. We are going to see all that we can, and none of us expects to see the best of the world, but we'll see a lot of it. You folks up here get your ideas too often from the so-called 'bad men' of Texas. I suppose there are such; we never see them. If you want to read about them, you'll find me about it as possible and say that we are willing to be classed as samples of Texas's good girls. I guess we'll do, and it's not necessary for you to tell us all right and can use us as you please."

Dr. Harrison said that the girls were made up largely from the well-to-do families of the State. They are here, he said, to see a good time and to have it. "They represent the culture of our State fairly well," he said. "You know we have as much culture down here as you have up there, and if you will allow me to say it, I don't know but we have more, if you consider certain elements of your population."

Dr. Harrison waved his hand toward the East Side and said that he had seen the young ladies, he went on, "had been pretty well prepared for New York. It's just as they expected to find it. One of them said that she had seen a big sign at Corsicana, she didn't know that it beat Corsicana much, because Corsicana surely didn't have horse cars in this modern age. The girls, who were on the other side, shall go up the Hudson on Tuesday and then go on to Niagara Falls. We'll see Coney Island on Monday."

"Oh, that's just to show that we're taken to the East Side and visit some of those settlements," interrupted a girl. "I'll see," was the answer. "Another of the girls, who talked with a reporter and when she was a discreet distance away she asked: 'Is the Tomb near here?' 'No,' was the answer. 'Why do you ask?' 'Oh, I don't know,' she replied, 'I thought if we went down there we might get a glimpse of some of that Thaw family. She was twisting and turning all night in her hands, and as the reporter was walking away, a few minutes later, she threw a lasso over her head and gave a pull. 'That's just to show that we're sure from Texas,' she said playfully. 'The mottoes that some folks wear do read: 'I'm from Texas; talk to me.' We don't need to wear them. They talk to us without that.'

The youthful reporter (a joke) to whom these remarks were addressed talked to her all night, but he hung around quite a spell, too. Nothing more about that.

KILLED BY A FRIENDS AUTO.

Famed Philadelphia Alchemist Runs Down Young Man in Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—Arthur S. Klemm, son of George F. Klemm and one of the best known young men in Philadelphia, was run down and killed by an auto this afternoon. The driver of the machine was Dr. William E. Hughes of 3845 Chestnut street, a well known physician and alchemist. He placed under arrest immediately after the accident.

Mr. Klemm, whose home was at 3284 Chestnut street, directed across the street from the residence of Dr. Hughes, whom he knew well, was crossing Market street at Thirty-ninth street. The physician's auto came along Thirty-ninth street at a fast clip and struck Mr. Klemm. He was hurled into the air and landed on his head, striking a lamp post. He was struck and hurled to the ground. He was picked up and removed to the Presbyterian Hospital, half a square away, where he died within a few minutes.

Mr. Klemm was 25 years old and married. His wife is at Ashbury Park for the summer and his father and family are also out of town.

CITY MUST STOP IMPROVING

UNLESS ITS LEAN PURSE IS SOON REPLENISHED.

Some Important Contracts Not Awarded and Interest Being Paid on Land Which It Can't Take Over—Only Half Million on Hand to Pay Ten Millions of Debts.

Unless the city is able soon to find a market for its bonds the many improvements which have been authorized in the last few months will have to be abandoned for the time being. Some of these improvements consist of new docks, new parks, the municipal building on the terminal site at the Manhattan and the Brooklyn Bridge and the beginning of the work of constructing the aqueduct and dams for the new water supply system. The cost of these improvements would amount to at least \$100,000,000, and they cannot be begun unless the city can borrow money with more facility than it is now doing.

The Water Supply Board has not felt justified in awarding the big contract, for which the John Peirce company was the lowest bidder, for the construction of Ashokan reservoir, widening the Brooklyn Bridge terminal and for several small parks and new schools, it is obliged to pay interest at the rate of 6 per cent. on these land purchases.

Of the proceeds of the last two bond sales, amounting to a little more than \$2,000,000 out of the \$4,000,000 of bonds offered, there is now in the city's treasury only between \$400,000 and \$500,000. And there are now awaiting payment warrants due to contractors and others amounting to \$4,500,000. In addition to this there are claims in the Comptroller's office, for which the City Chamberlain has not issued warrants, amounting to another \$6,000,000.

Although the city cannot even begin to liquidate this indebtedness, Deputy Comptroller McCooey insists that there is nothing in the situation to justify any uneasiness. He said yesterday that the city's credit was as good as it ever was, and the failure of the bond sales at this time was due solely to the tightness of money. As soon as the stringency has passed away, he said, the city will have no difficulty in borrowing all the money it needs. Mr. McCooey repeated yesterday that, while some of the contractors who had not accepted bonds in part payment of their claims might have to wait a little while before they could be paid in cash, provision had been made for the carrying on of all the work of building and equipping of the new schools.

Mr. McCooey lost no time in getting back at Borough President Coler of Brooklyn. On Friday Coler wrote to the Comptroller twitting the Finance Department because of its inability to sell the city's bonds, and facetiously offering to take his salary in corporate stock. To this letter Mr. McCooey replied yesterday:

Replying to your communication of the 16th inst., relative to the payment of your salary warrant for the month of August, I have to inform you that your suggestion that the same be paid in city bonds cannot be complied with, for the reason that salary warrants are chargeable to the appropriation account and not to the bond account. I assumed that your experience as Comptroller for four years would have enabled you to be in possession of this information. I would suggest, however, that upon the receipt of your salary warrant, you tender the same to this office, when we will immediately take steps to give you the equivalent in New York City bonds.

AUTO CASE TO SUPREME COURT.

Secretary Taft Can't See How Else to Squelch Mayor of Glen Echo, Md.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Secretary Taft and Prosecuting Attorney Peters of Montgomery county, Maryland, decided in a conference to-day that the authority of Mayor Garrett of Glen Echo and his lieutenant, Marshal Collins, in terrorizing automobilists along the Conduit road will have to be tested in the United States Supreme Court. Secretary Taft, while accepting the opinion of Attorney-General Bonaparte that the Conduit road is a Government reservation over which the State of Maryland has no jurisdiction, has expressed a willingness to allow the rights of the State to be passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States.

At the conference Mr. Peters said the State of Maryland would not dispute the opinion of the Attorney-General, but that at the same time the State does contend that when through condemnation proceedings it surrendered the right to the United States to construct a conduit it did not surrender jurisdiction. Mr. Peters made it plain to Secretary Taft that the State does not uphold Mayor Garrett in the course he has taken to enrich the town coffers.

It was agreed that Mr. Peters should consult with District Attorney Ross of Baltimore and that a test case should be selected to be carried through the Court of Appeals to the Supreme Court. Secretary Taft's attention was called to-day to the statement of Mayor Garrett to the effect that Secretary Taft could do nothing in the matter and that he, the Mayor, intended to pursue the course that he has heretofore followed.

The fulfilment of a little swelled official like his fellow imbued with sensationalism," replied the Secretary, "will not disturb the relations between the War Department and the State of Maryland."

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Also AT ONE-THIRD LESS THAN RETAIL PRICES. Skirt Chemises \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.98 Night Gowns \$1.10, \$1.50, \$1.98 Dressing Sacques and Long Kimonos 98c., \$1.45

Mr. and Mrs. James Stokes are expected to arrive from Europe next Wednesday, August 21.

Paul Rainey, who has had a number of parties with him on his yacht Wakiva to various places, has made up a party of guests to go with him in September to Newfoundland.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, who have been motoring on the Continent of late, were in France the last week. Mr. Drexel is expected to be at Newport this summer, as they rented a cottage there, but they changed their minds.

Count and Countess Paolini and Count Nerino Rasponi of Rome, Italy, who arrived during the week, are at the Gotham.

Hugo Baring is at his home here, 38 East Thirty-eighth street, and will be joined by his wife, Lady Evelyn Baring, in the early autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Cooper will return early in September from a honeymoon trip of three months in Europe and will remain in New York, where they have lived heretofore. Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand C. Griswold will start for the European bridal trip in October and will make their home with Mr. Griswold's mother, Mrs. Chester Griswold, at 23 West Forty-eighth street.

Miss Helen M. Gould is at Lyndhurst, her country home at Irvington. Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gould have been in Paris during the last week, as have also Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould.

The engagement of Henry Snyder Kissam of New York City to Miss Mary Margaret Murray of Paris, Ont., Canada, has been announced. Miss Murray is a daughter of the late Thomas Murray and the late Margaret Johnson Murray of Paris, Ont., and is a sister of Mrs. Thomas Barry of Hamilton, Ont. Mr. Kissam is a son of the late Benjamin N. Kissam and the late Sara Snyder Kissam of New York. He was graduated from Columbia with the class of '04 and is a member of the University Club and of the Society of Colonial Wars. The wedding will take place early in the autumn and will be simple because of Mr. Kissam's recent loss of mother and father.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Orms Wilson are likely to leave Beechwood before the Newport Horse Show for their Long Island country place. The house may be kept open during September to be occupied for a few days by Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who return from abroad early in the month. Vincent Astor will resume his studies at St. George's School, near Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy A. Rockefeller, with their children will go from Newport east



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